

Sketch

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Apple Blossoms After Rain

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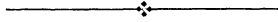
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My Wish

Jean Spencer

H. Ec. '39

These sounds I want my child to know:
The squeak of runners on dry snow,
The crack of ice, the ting of skates,
Hushed drop of ashes from hot grates,
The piercing throb of crickets' lay,
The pad of kittens' feet at play
Up overhead within a mow,
The peaceful mooing of a cow,
The splash of rain in dripping eaves,
The rush of wind through maple leaves,
Faint cry at dawn of plaintive loon,
Slow lapping waves beneath a moon.



Apple Blossoms After Rain

Betty Talbott

H. Ec. '40

Raindrops slip from blossom petals,
Shine in sun like precious metals,
Silver bright,
With a light
Dripping sound.

Shining limbs hold petals clinging;
Breezes come with low, gay singing.
Sun is sifting
Through them, drifting
To the ground.